

SEPTEMBER 23, 1917

AMONG US MORTALS — DRILLING THE HOME GUARD

DRAWN BY
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The bunch from
Takoma Park does
some tall rooting
from the side lines
when brother Rod-
ney marches past.



"Squads right!" The top
sergeant says those
birds from the Treasury
Department can't count
to four unless it's in
money.

The lady who
hasn't touched her
knitting for the
past four days se-
lects a sunny after-
noon to parade on
the Ellipse, work-
ing overtime.



The wife of the Senator
from the Middle West
has some inside dope on
the war from her garden-
er. He's a German—but very
pro-ally—and says the war will
last two years. The Misses Jones, who
had it on good authority that the war
would be over in two months, are very
much upset.

Mrs. B., from
Petworth, is all
fussed up over the
possibilities of
friend hubby's
getting tangled up
with a bayonet or
something. "I do
hope Fred won't
hurt himself with
that gun—he isn't
used to firearms."



"You're an awful fool to let
that little officer bawl you out.
Call him down once or twice
and he'll respect you more."



Ed, with an afternoon off from Fort
Myer, looks things over critically, while sister
Edna takes a snapshot.



Doctor H., from the Public Health
Service, hasn't gotten his uniform yet,
but makes a brave showing with the
materials at hand.